

An Artificial Life

A story by Terinas Tiger
Featuring a character created by Flavia Grandville

Day 5:

Life had changed for Kenny.

For one thing, he'd started exercising every morning. Flavia thought it was a good idea for him to get more cardio, so he'd been getting outside and going jogging. After he got back, she'd have a meal prepared for him. The portions were a bit small, but Mommy seemed to think it was best. And it was helping... he'd already lost a pound or two in just a few days. His appearance was also a bit different. Flavia had convinced him to let her take an electric razor to his mane. As she explained it, she preferred neatly kept partners to scruffy unshaven wildmen. Of course, she'd cut it a bit differently than the lion would have preferred... most of his mane was gone, leaving him with just some longer hair along the top and back. He almost looked like a lioness the way it framed his head now. He had taken to wearing it pulled back in a ponytail. Any other way looked entirely too girly, and even the ponytail looked androgenous at best. It didn't help that his voice kept cracking every so often. He'd go from a deep bassy masculine voice to something higher pitched, almost like before he'd hit puberty. An old woman crossing the street had even called him "young lady" when he passed her on his morning jog yesterday.

His wardrobe was changing too. On the third day since Mommy moved in, Flavia had convinced him to go shopping. Kenny normally hated going to the mall, and tended to order most of his clothing online. However, when Flavia led him towards the "Vixen's Secret" store, he couldn't stop blushing. Even when he learned she wasn't looking for undergarments for herself. Kenny had spent more than just a pretty penny walking out of the store with things that fit him. Not that they were girly things, no! They were just sexy underwear. Flavia had even said so. He'd started wearing them daily, even while working out. Today's girly- SEXY UNDERWEAR was a soft satin thong, though he was trying not to think too hard about what it was. Instead, he focused on how good it felt against his package as he jogged. The booty shorts Flavia had picked out for him hugged his rump and pushed in on his lacy new underwear. Every bit of it felt so good against his body, it was hard to resist having a hard on by the time he got home from his morning jog.

Flavia had bought clothes for herself as well. Around the house, she tended to just strut around in a latex bikini or a simple pair of latex panties. Her breasts, though small when empty, almost never were, and usually she had at least enough milk in them to make them large enough for a paw to be cupped around them. She implied that she wasn't quite done changing shape yet, however, frequently saying something like "This body isn't quite right yet", while patting her rump or rubbing her lips. She had taken to breast feeding him every night before bed "because warm milk helps my kitten sleep.". His memory of those occasions were fuzzy, especially since he usually fell asleep at the end of them. But what he did remember was her paw wrapping around his cock, rubbing him off in a handjob while whispering things to him. He could remember his loins trembling and his balls churning every moment as he coaxed more sweet,

warm cream from her bosom. He'd cum, feel exhausted, and pass out most nights. They slept together, sharing the same bed, though he'd taken to curling up against her, his head nestled between her inflated breasts as she held him in her arms, letting him doze.

Just the thought was getting Kenny hard again as he finished his laps around the block. He felt his cock sawing against the fabric of his th- his sexy underwear, rubbing back and forth. The lion's face grew hot as he looked around, hoping no one was awake enough to notice the bulge outlined against his shorts..

"His" sexy underwear.

It was weird how easily it was for him to think of them like that. They weren't just sexy underwear, they were HIS sexy underwear. Not girly, because he wasn't girly, just... sexy underwear. As he turned onto his driveway, huffing and puffing, he felt the fabric of his undergarment growing a bit moist in front. His cock was drooling from all the rubbing. He opened the front door, face growing hotter as he realized he could really stand to cum in the next few minutes. Jogging had gotten a lot more fun when he started wearing sexy underwear. "Moommy..." Kenny moaned, closing the door behind him. "I'm all hard... c-can you help me?" Flavia liked to be asked before he played with her. He'd learned that on day three. It was a bit embarrassing, especially since he kept finding himself calling her "Mommy" like that. But he couldn't argue with results... especially when those results were cumming inside a woman.

Well, an artificial woman.

But one that felt so soft and wonderful... almost like he imagined the real thing was. It wasn't as if Flavia was that different anyway. She was so very lifelike. He could see her stomach moving as she breathed, and watch her ears move and twist to hear. If it weren't for subtle things like the sheen her whole body took when she was fresh out of the shower or the smell of silicon and pvc that she had when not treating her body with perfume, he could barely tell. His train of thought derailed, however, when he heard Flavia's voice coming from the garage. "I'm out here, kitten! Can you be a good boy and come to me?"

Like a good boy, Kenny padded out into the garage, feeling his cock drooling further into his girly- his sexy underwear, as he walked into the garage. "What are you doing out here, Flavia-" He froze when he saw her. Her blue body bare of clothing and draped over the hood of his car. He could see her purple pussy and the matching folds of her backdoor. With a gasp, he stared at her, drinking the sight in. She almost looked like she'd been waiting for him. Her tail was flagged up, as if she was offering herself to him. Was this a-

"Oh good!" Mommy's voice was dripping with joy. "You're here, and that'll make this so much easier."

Kenny was grinning like a cat about to eat the canary. "Aw, does Mommy have an itch she needs to sc-"

The artificial woman held up a bicycle pump, gesturing it towards him. "Be a dear and use this to help fill Mommy up, will you?"

Suddenly everything Kenny thought he knew shattered into a million pieces. "What." He reached out to take the pump from her, less out of any intent to use it and more out of sheer perverse curiosity. "You want me to... put this in your pussy?"

For some reason, what he said was immensely funny to her. Flavia laughed out loud, smacking a paw gently against the hood of his car. "Not unless you're into that sort of thing, sweetie!" She pointed a paw down to the silicon flesh on her body, just beneath her lifted tail. "No, there's a small access panel right there. I usually keep it locked down tight, but I'll release it for you so you can pump me up. Just put your paws on the flesh and slide gently to the right. Not too hard, now!"

Horniness was giving way to a perverse sort of curiosity in the lion. Kenny walked forward, standing right behind Flavia. Getting to paw's reach of her ass meant digging his crotch's bulge against her cheeks. "R-right were?"

His cock digging into her plastic ass made her coo and shudder. "Ooo, someone's a needy little kitten, aren't you?" She wiggled her hips against his bulge. Kenny wasn't able to resist a moan. Embarrassingly enough, his voice cracked a bit as she teased him. "Heeheehee... well, if Mommy's kitten likes me enough to poke at me now... he'll love this." As Kenny pushed his paw gently onto her body as directed, Flavia giggled. "Mmm... warm paws. Not too firm, now." She mewled and purred as he slid her silicon flesh gently to the right, seeing a small panel on her backside slide away and revealing a small inner compartment. After what he'd seen of her, part of the changing lion felt like he shouldn't be surprised by this sort of thing. But he still was. The fact that Flavia had parts of herself that were... compartments or panels, like some kind of Android or robot, and more that she could feel everything that happened in them, was nothing short of revolutionary from his understanding of computer hardware and software.

Flavia, his artificial mo- his artificial WOMAN, defied understanding.

And as shocking a revelation as that was, his focus soon shifted to something else. The compartment contained three small air nozzles, the sort he could affix a bicycle pump to. They were arranged in a line, and had labels in Japanese he couldn't read. "Um, w-what are we doing here, Flavia?"

The feline sex toy looked back up at him, her lavender eyes shining. "Well, kitten... I mentioned how my body didn't feel quite right, remember?" A grin curled along her face. "Your super-modern Type-F artificial sex kitten is fully customizable to your preferred tastes. That includes body type." She turned away from him again. "Or, to make it more clear and use some of your American slang, I've been strolling around with full jugs for a few days now, but I really could still use some junk in my truck, couldn't I?"

The key finally turned in Kenny's head. "Y-you mean this is makes you grow?"

"Inflate." Flavia corrected him. "I want you to pump me up, kitten!"

Looking back down at the three nozzles, the changing cat raised a fuzzy eyebrow. "But how am I supposed to know what the three of these do?"

Flavia's tail curled gently, her ears perking indicating how eager she was for this. "The farthest left one is for my ass, and the one in the middle is for my hips." Her voice had a healthy purr in it. "Use those two and swell me up to your preferred body type."

Kenny really needed no further provocation. "A-alright..." he said, as he attached the bicycle pump to the leftmost nozzle. "Learn by doing, I guess." He began pumping. It took a few pumps before he started to notice any difference. As advertised, Flavia's rear end was growing bigger. At first he'd worried it'd feel weird. Like parts of her cheeks would puff out like a balloon only stretching in certain places.

But it felt good. Feeling her artificial ass flesh growing with every pump, not just pressing against his bulging crotch, but swelling around it. Every pump made her grow thicker, her pillowy posterior growing more soft and cushiony against his cock. He could feel every millimeter of it sliding against his sensitive bits, her ass growing from a pert petite behind to a bountiful booty that jiggled and wiggled with every pump of his paws on the tool. Flavia herself was panting, taking deep breaths in and out as if she were horny and someone was fucking her hard. "Ooooooh kitten, you have no idea how good this feels." Kenny could see Flavia rubbing and pinching at one of her nipples as he continued pumping air into her. Her tail curled to touch her body, as she arched her back and mewled like a housecat in heat. "Filling me sooooo full, giving me a fat squishy ass." Kenny felt his cock drooling again, his thong, his sexy underwear, growing more soaked by his own love juices. There was probably a dark spot on the front of his jogging shorts now, not that he could see it through Flavia's growing backside.

Once he'd grown confident she'd need to go shopping for new pants AGAIN, Kenny moved to the next nozzle, in the center. As he pushed the bike pump into it, he stared at the rightmost one. What did that do? Could he use it to inflate Flavia's tummy? She did say the Type-F was fully customizable, didn't she? And he did like a bit of a stomach to pet and squish. Still he began working with his arms, pumping the bicycle pump up and down as he watched his sex-doll's thighs and hips begin to widen and swell. Flavia groaned again, teasing her nipples and reaching between her thighs to... rub at something. "You'd better not be leaking onto my car." Kenny said, mostly in jest, as he watched the show. Flavia was hot, sure, and she was getting hotter.

Her ass had been almost it's own animal before. Pumping air into her thighs was causing them to grow to match it in proportion. The slender, svelte housecat-shaped sextoy he'd bought was blossoming outward. A voluptuous hourglass figure was growing out of what had been a trim,

athletic body before. With every pump, he was inflating her more and more, making her more shapely, giving her body more curves. "I-I'm built to enjoy being inflated." Flavia groaned, a faint moist noise filling the air as he watched her finger her own naughty bits. "I c-can't help it." She bit her lower lip, purring loudly. "P-please, fill me more, kitten!"

Kenny hesitated, watching the pressure meter on his pump shrink down towards zero. He heard her plea, but... he didn't know how far to go. Flavia probably had some limits before something in her body popped. Besides, he was having fun turning her into his ideal fetish material. He slapped her ass, trying to exert some authority into the situation. "I think your backside looks perfect just like this." The lion growled lustily. They both knew where this was ending... once he was done changing her form into his perfect woman, he was in the perfect position to have his way with her. As much as Mommy seemed to take care of him, Kenny knew that Flavia was still his toy. He was in charge. And to prove it...

Mommy gasped when he pushed the toy up against her rightmost nozzle. "T-That one! Wait, yo-Ooooooooooooh!" She stammered and groaned, before he began to pump, watching the pressure gauge leap up as he pumped air into her, pushing up and down on the pump. "Ooooo, Kitten. Ooooooh gawds..." Flavia groaned, pulling her paws away from her crotch as she began to grind against the hood of the car. Kenny could see a moist smear along the hood of his vehicle, as Flavia humped and he pumped. Everytime she thrust her hips against the car her new, plump ass ground against his cock. The lion groaned, feeling his balls churning. He could feel her milking an orgasm out of him through his shorts. He was actually needing a chance to back off and catch his breath if he wanted to hold on long enough to cum inside her. But it was harder and harder to say no with every pump on the bicycle pump he made. In the back of his mind, however, he found himself wondering something: Why wasn't Flavia inflating at all when he pumped on this third nozzle?

The housecat sexdoll certainly seemed to be enjoying it. She mewled and pushed her paws against the hood of the car, curling her fingers against it while humping her body against the vehicle like she was trying to make love to it. Kenny pumped harder, watching her whole body (what parts he could see, at least) to try and figure out what was growing about her. He couldn't see anything changing, although seeing Flavia with her tongue lolling out, groaning like a lioness in heat was certainly something he could appreciate as she fucked against his vehicle's hood. However, as horny as he was, he was also curious. "Why isn't any part of you growing, Mommy?" The m-word had slipped out again. He kept using it for her and he didn't know why.

Flavia turned her head back, a wild look in lilac eyes. "Oh, something's been inflating, alright." She purred, pushing up off the hood of the car and twisting her body around. As the cord of the bicycle pump got tangled up in her right leg, Flavia finished her motion, resting her ass on the fluid-slick surface of the vehicle and spreading her legs. And between them...

A cock.

Mommy had a long, fat, black cock, turgid and trembling, right above her pussy. It was a good

inch or two larger than Kenny's, and gleaming with the sheen of a dildo slick with lube. He could smell the silicon scent in the air as she moved down to stroke it once. "I did say the Type-F was fully customizable, kitten." Flavia let out a soft huff, before gazing up at him. "I didn't expect you to be into this sort of thing, but you've got Mommy all worked up now..." She had a predatory growl in her tone. "I think it's time to trade places, Kenny." Her tongue licked along her lips, her fangs out. "Mommy wants to be on top today. And you do owe it to her..."

In the heat of the moment, Kenny could only think of two things: The first was that he couldn't believe his mommy had a bigger dick than he did. He felt small and little compared to her in every way.

The second was how surprised he was that he wasn't rejecting her request right out. He wanted to say no, but he was just so horny...

It didn't take long. Like a good boy, Kenny obeyed his mommy to bend over on the hood of the car for her. He lifted his tufted tail up over his head while feeling her fingers tugging his shorts down. Tugging away his girly tho- his sexy underwear, down to his knees. "One of the ways artificial toys are better than a proper mate is that we're self-lubricating." Flavia cooed, pushing her cock up between the lion's cheeks. Kenny felt his whole body shudder with anticipation as something cool and slick squirted against his tailhole. "Type-Fs are equipped with lube glands to help make every ride smooth and blissful. The special lube we come to start with even is proven to numb pain while heightening pleasure, for first time playmates." Flavia purred in Kenny's ear, nibbling against it while he felt her playing with his tailhole. Each gentle motion of her swollen hips pushing a bit further and a bit deeper inside him. The changing cat felt a wave of heat washing over him as he felt her mining into his backside. "I will admit, kitten, I didn't really expect you to be so into THIS sort of play this quickly!" Flavia purred, pushing the head of her silicon shaft in and out of his tailhole, stretching it again and again. "But listen to you! Moaning and mewling and purring like a bitch begging to be bred." She giggled at her own alliteration. "You were always meant to be Mommy's sissy little boi, weren't you?"

Kenny groaned and whimpered as he felt her pushing inside him. "W-wait, can you even c-cum?" He looked back up at Mommy, confused. Weren't sex toys for cumming INTO, not the other way around? H-how will I know when you're done?"

Flavia purred. "It's cute that you think you're going to get me off, kitten! But this isn't about me splooging all inside you." The blue housecat gave a wicked grin, a sparkle of mischievous mauve twinkling in her eyes. "It's about you cumming from having a big strong cock inside you, staining your car with all your girly little kitten cream." With a cackle, Flavia leaned down so her breasts kissed his back. "It's about you learning how to play a fun new game with Mommy and all her manly new friends." Kenny didn't have time to ask any questions about that last sentence, as he felt Mommy pushing all the way inside his rear.

A flood of pleasure hit his mind, like a tidal wave washing away any resistance still in his mind. "M-mew!" Kenny squeaked, his voice cracking again, jumping up several octaves as he

squealed and groaned cutely. Flavia was humping inside him, pushing back and forth and hammering something inside him that exploded with pleasure every time she thrust inside the lion. His back arching, claws tapping against the hood of the car, Kenny panted, his already-needy balls churning. “Flavia, I c-can’t-” he squirmed and felt his body tensing. He was too close from the earlier teasing. He couldn’t keep this up for long.

“Listen to you, begging and whimpering like this.” Mommy slapped his ass, just like he had hers. “It barely took any time at all for Mommy to get you like this, did it? Almost like your body already knew this was what you were meant for.” She picked up the pace of her thrustings, jackhammering into him with a mechanical swiftness. “Almost like you want Mommy to take control.” Her paws squeezed his shoulders as she topped him, holding him down. Pinning him. “Admit it.” She leaned up to nibble on the nape of his neck as she fucked him. “You like feeling Mommy inside you.” He could hear the squeak of the silicon toy she was wielding digging into him. Her dick was a dildo, and it was hitting him hard. “You like Mommy dominating you. Managing every aspect of your cute little life.”

Kenny couldn’t hold it anymore. He felt his cock tremble, humping into the lube-slick patch on the front of his car. Arching his head up, he groaned as he painted the hood of his crimson car white. “Y-yes! I want Mommy to dominate me! To control m-mewwwwww!” He felt his cum spurting out, one rope after another, his orgasm erupting out into bursts and spurts, hitting the hood of the car and then smearing onto his chest-fur as he flopped down against the vehicle. “I-I need Mommy to manage my life...” “Something was breaking inside him.

He didn’t know if it was for better or for worse.

But he submitted to her.

Day 25:

As he jogged down the final block towards his house, Keni mused about how much of an education the past few weeks had been.

The day after he submitted to her, Mommy Flavia had grown several inches in one night. He didn’t even pretend to know how that was possible, but now she was easily a foot taller than the lion himself was. Each day she’d had him inflating or depressing the different sizes of parts of her body. One day she had fat hips and an hourglass figure. Another day she was slender and toned, like an olympic gymnast. She’d taken full control of his credit cards and convinced his boss to let him work from home somehow. Although the changes seemed a bit drastic, gradually they’d settled down into a daily routine of playing with the sizes of her body. Inflating or deflating her as much as both of them wanted. However, there was no question who was in charge at home. Flavia was the Mommy of the household, and she decided what they were doing each day.

Like how she’d kept on him about jogging. It was actually something he was grateful for. Keni

was showing progress; losing his gut and slimming down to the point he'd actually dropped a pants size and had to purchase some new panties, pants, and shorts from the mall on another trip with his Type-F. And yet, even while he was losing weight, he somehow seemed to still have a sizable cushion around his rump. Earlier today on his jog, he'd even heard a few wolf-whistles from men working at a construction site as he'd jogged past.

It wasn't something he was comfortable with. Even more so because instead of revulsion, when he'd caught some of the men's eyes on him, he'd just felt strange. His face had gotten hot and there was an itching under his tail that wouldn't go away. Keni was trying not to think about that too much. Sure, he liked having Mommy Flavia inside him, but that was different. She was an artificial woman, and that fat ebony cock she walked around with was basically a dildo. It was artificial. Nothing REAL.

Nothing that had any implications.

As he finished his morning jog, huffing and puffing, he closed the door behind him and walked into the bathroom to stare at his mirror. "It- It's not like I'm gay or anything." Keni said as he stared at his reflection in the mirror. "I- I like women. I do." That wasn't in question: The little lion spent a few nights each week suckling the tits of his artificial one while she whispered soothing, pleasant things into his ears. "But... I guess I am kind of a twink after losing all that weight. I'm big in all the wrong places to be a he-man macho type." As if on a cue, Keni patted his flank and gazed at it in the mirror: His hips were blossoming out like a ripening fruit. While he'd lost weight overall, it only seemed to accentuate his plump, pillowy ass. "I mean... I do kinda have a milkshake now." His face was hot as he admitted it. "A-and then there's this." Lifting up his shirt, Keni stared at his chest. For some reason, lately his nipples had been growing in size and sensitivity. There were almost the size of eyes now, puffy and sensitive. Moving a paw up towards one, he let out a mewl of arousal as he pinched it. Since his body started changing Keni had been forced to buy new shirts too. If he wore anything too tight it'd rub against his nipples when he walked and get him horny. "But I don't look girly enough to confuse a construction worker, do I?" Turning his gaze up, he ran a paw through the parts of his mane that weren't trimmed down to nonexistence. "Maybe it's the hair." He had stopped even thinking of what he had now as a mane. Pulled back into two short pigtails, it looked more like the hair of a lioness than anything even remotely masculine. Mommy had even convinced him at the last trimming to pay for pink frosted tips. He smiled at the sight of them. They looked so striking against the brown of his fur. "But that's not girly at all, is it?" He asked his reflection. Pursing his lips out, he considered them for a moment. Was it the fat, dick-sucking lips he had? Or the little rainbow bangle around the tip of his tail that Flavia had gifted him? It was only polite to wear it, she was his woman.

His artificial woman. But still.

"Hm? Kitten? Are you home?" Keni was snapped out of his reverie by the sound of her voice. "Can you come into the living room? I've got a surprise for you!"

The little lion turned away from the mirror. He'd figure out why people thought he was so girly later. "What do you want, Mommy? Is it time to inflate you today?" Strolling into the living room, he watched Mommy Flavia as she gestured down at a large wrapped brown package almost as large as Keni's chest. "What's that?"

Today, the bright blue furred housecat had her breasts inflated to the size of grapefruits, her bare bosom bouncing as she stood up to smile at him. Keni instinctively licked his lips as he stared at the creamy white furred breasts she sported. "It's a gift for you, kitten!" Probably one bought with his own money, but even so Keni's ears perked. "Really? What is it?"

Mommy's reply was a light titter of smug satisfaction. "It's a Blow-Up Buddy." She purred. "A fun little toy for my cute little kitten." Reaching up, Flavia traced a black fuzzy finger along Keni's chin. "I do love to dote on you so." She cooed, as the lion blushed and sputtered.

"What's a Blow-Up Buddy?" Keni's question was answered only by her thrusting the package into his paws. Unwrapping it slowly, he saw a bright blue box with cartoony words reading, just as she'd said: "Blow-Up Buddy". A picture of an inflatable tiger with a large horny growly smirk gazed up at him. It took the twinkish feline a moment to process what he was looking at, but the writing on the box saying it "Fit most Silicon Dildos" finally made everything snap into place for him. "Is my mo- my sex doll buying me more sex dolls now?"

Flavia reached up to rub his head, petting him between the ears. "It's a fun little training toy for Mommy's kitten." She moved down to pull another box out, with a large black dildo a bit larger than the thing inflated between Mommy's legs was. "I mean, you really like Mommy being on top... this will help you get used to bigger playmates."

"But I'm not-" Keni tilted his head. "Why do I need to get used to bigger playmates, Mommy. I have you! Why do I need anyone else?"

Flavia's response was to lean forward and kiss him on the lips, pulling Keni into an embrace and reaching down to grope his butt, squeezing the cheeks and purring against his body. A few minutes later she broke the kiss, but not before wrestling her tongue with his for a few moments. "Kitten, do you trust your Mommy?" She widened her eyes, looking down at him and swaying her hips, letting her dildo-dick rub against his shorts.

Keni's ears drooped down. "Y-yeah, but- I'm not gay." He protested limply, feeling his argument hang there like a spider dangling between them both.

"Of course not!" Flavia cooed, squeezing his rump again. "Mommy's kitten loves his mommy, and she knows you can't resist my bubble butt and my magnificent knockers." As if to emphasize, she cupped both breasts, letting a bit of milk squeeze out of her nipples and dribble down her white fuzzy underbelly and stain her black fuzzy fingers white. "But she also knows you have an itch down there that needs scratching sometime, don't you?" Her paw snaked back down to push between the cheeks of Keni's shorts. He couldn't resist mewling a bit as he felt

her pushing the fabric of his booty shorts against his pucker.

Arching his back, Keni glared back at her. "N-no fair, how did you know?"

Her violet eyes locked with his own pair. "Kitten, I've fucked you nineteen times in the past two weeks. Half the time you're begging me to top you, and the other half you're playing with my dick as you hump one of my holes." Her smile started out a sly smirk but grew wider and wider.

His face burning like the sun, Keni growled and sputtered. "T-that's just- you're a woman! It's not my f-fault you come with a dick attachment!"

Nodding, Flavia rolled her eyes. "It's alright, kitten. You don't have any judgement from me. Mommy loves you and just wants you to be as happy as it makes her to dominate you." She raised one fuzzy eyebrow. "After all, you said you wanted a big strong dommy mommy, right?"

The truth of her statement made Keni look away. He still felt weird by how good it felt to be emasculated by Mommy Flavia. He didn't understand why he felt so good being her "kitten", but he did. It was addictive, and the more time he spent with her, the harder it was to ever imagine going back. "Y-yeah, I did."

Reaching up, Flavia patted the brown-furred feline on the head. "There we go, then!" By the tone of her voice, she'd considered the situation entirely resolved. "Then you don't have to worry about being straight or gay or anything like that. You just need to play with the toy because Mommy thinks it's best for you." Her eyes glowed with a violet light. "Isn't that right, Kitten Keni?"

Something still seemed wrong, but Keni was having trouble thinking of what. "I g-guess..." he didn't really want to, though. Scratching the back of his head and looking away, Keni considered how weird it'd feel playing with a brainless toy after having Mommy. And one that wasn't even feminine. The tiger doll looked like a big strong male. He wasn't into that, no matter how much his tailhole felt painfully empty just looking at it.

Silence flooded into the room as Keni felt the piecing glare of Flavia staring into his soul. After a moment, she sighed and threw her paws up. "Well, I can't FORCE you to play with it. But maybe I can remind you how fun it is to listen to Mommy?" Smirking over at the lion, his Type-F sex doll winked. "I think it's feeding time, don't you?"

That was enough to get some enthusiasm back into Keni's expression. "O-oh yes!" He stared at her tits, licking his lips. "Should we sit down on the couch?"

The housecat shook her head. "I should. But you need to kneel on the floor." With a purr, she licked her lips. "I've got... something else in mind for you to suck on." Flopping backwards into the dull green cushions of the couch, Flavia bounced there for a moment, her erect black cock wagging back and forth, a bead of opaque white forming on the head of it.

His eyes widened as the lion stared down at it. "You want me to—" Keni felt his breathing growing heavy, his cock throbbing behind his panties. "S-suck you o-o-off? L-like a male?"

Nodding, Mommy Flavia gestured down to her shaft. "Why not? As a change of pace, of course. I'm quite fond of you nursing and shrinking down my breasts, but it feels just as good to drink straight from the spigot as well, trust me." She winked. "The shaft can leak more than just lube... my milk can come from down there as well."

"B-but that's a cock..." Keni poked his pointer fingers together.

"And it's been inside you plenty of times already." His mommy countered back. "Is what hole you want it in that much of a difference?"

There was some logic to that, and Keni found himself falling to his knees in front of her. He could smell the silicon shaft and the sweet taste of her cream. "I guess it's not gay if it's with an Artificial doll." He mumbled to himself, as he bent forward, leaning tentatively to lick along the head of the dildo, provoking a gasp of pleasure from his Mommy.

The moment that sweet white cream hit his tongue his tastebuds lit up with pleasure. There was something so deliciously addictive about Mommy Flavia's milk. He could just turn his mind off and suckle. But this time, it proved a bit harder. He licked again, but no more milk came out. Frowning, Keni looked up at Flavia. "What's going on?"

She was rubbing her right breast, purring. "Maybe you need to work a bit harder down there..."

With that being all the advice he'd get, Keni opened his muzzle wider, taking the head of the silicon sex toy into his maw. Squeezing it with his lips, he was rewarded with another small spurt of creamy bliss, and a horny mewl from his Mommy. "Keep going, kitten! You'll figure it out." Flavia let out a warm huff as she sank into the pillowy morass of the couch cushions, rubbing her breasts and teasing herself while he worked her cock. Keni didn't need more encouragement than that. Every drop of milk only hardened his desire for more of it. He just had to figure out how to drain this curious new receptacle. Opening his jaw a bit further, he slid his maw further down the artificial shaft, pumping down and then back up.

And this time, to his joy, he was rewarded with more white frothy cream.

Purring loudly, he gave it another try by sliding down and the back up the cock in his muzzle. More cream filled his muzzle. The bliss he got from sampling the fluid was already clouding his mind. It was getting harder to think about anything but sucking that delicious rubbery cock. "Mmmph..." He mumbled, working up and down his Mommy Cat's big black dick, as he stuffed his face on fake sausage. It was getting harder to think. All he wanted to do was suck cock and swallow cream.

Keni stopped thinking entirely.

~~~~~

Words drifted faintly through his mind.

*“That’s right... just relax and listen, as you slurp down Mommy’s man-milk and swallow her cock. That’s all you need, isn’t it? A nice big cock filling your muzzle, pumping you full of baby batter... Maybe your silly conscious mind objects, but that’s ridiculous because you think it’s gay to suck cock. And it isn’t for you.”*

All that mattered was sucking cock.

*“It’s not gay because you’re such a girly little sissy kitten, aren’t you? You aren’t a man, there’s no point even considering yourself to be one. Think about it: A man wouldn’t wear pretty red satin panties, would they? And a man wouldn’t shave his mane or dye his tips pink. You’re such a sissy already, it’s not so much of a leap to realize that every sissy loves dick. You love dick almost as much as you love your Mommy...”*

Sucking cock and listening to her words.

*“That’s right, you’re mommy’s little sissy kitten. No more icky boy clothes for you. You’re soooo much happier in skirts and booty shorts. You’re happiest when showing off your sexy little body. You’re happiest lifting your tail for all the handsome studly boys. I bet you used to go through fashion magazines fantasizing about how you’d look in all the pretty outfits, wouldn’t you? You’re such a sissy little kitten it has to be true!”*

He had no defenses, nor desire to stop thinking about the words.

*“And even if none of it was true, you can’t escape how much of a sissy kitten you are. Because with all the fat out of the way, you’re just a small little girly-boi, you know that? You never had the genetics to be big and strong and male. You never had that much testosterone, even before you started slurping down Mommy’s hormone-laced milk. It barely even had to change you before you started mewling like a female in heat for Mommy’s dick...”*

They were true because Mommy was saying them.

*“And sissy-bois like you love men. They can’t get enough of it. It doesn’t matter if you see yourself as gay, bi, pan, or straight, you can’t help but get horny at big muscular males. You want someone bigger and stronger to stuff their fat meaty dick into you, to breed you like a female, to fuck you and play with you. You can’t get enough of men and their big beefy cocks because you’re such a girly little sissy-boi. Isn’t that right?”*

He wasn’t a man. He was a sissy-boi.

*"Mommy knows best, after all."*

Mommy knew best, after all.

*"You're not Ken Simhata, the nerdy lion programmer, are you?"*

He was Kari Simhata, the sissy-boi kitten.

### **Day 50:**

With a moment's flicker, the new webcam sprang to life, and the lion stared back at himself, projected on the digital screen. After a few moments of preening and fussing with his hair, he started the stream.

"H-hey guys! It's xxxMewBoixxx here!" Kari still blushed at the username, even though he'd been using it for nearly two weeks now. "Welcome back to 'An Artificial Life', where a cute little girly kitten reviews sex toys for all y'all!" He didn't actually have a southern accent, but Kari's mommy thought that the phrase 'y'all' was cute, so he was adopting it. "Going to assist me today, as always, is my sweet Mommy!" He held a paw back, but the gesture pointed at dead air.

Because Mommy Flavia loomed over him, resting her breasts on his head with a hungry purr on her lips. The bright blue housecat-shaped sex toy wrapped two strong arms around her kitten. "Of course... someone has to keep her silly little kitten on track. I know you get so caught up playing with your toys that you forget about time, among other things."

With a nervous titter, Kari looked up, feeling Mommy's milky bosoms sinking down against his head, exposing her bare boobies on display for everyone to see. "Moooooommy!" He pouted, but the protest was halfhearted at best and rehearsed at worst. Most of his audience was gay and here to see a girly little twink at play, so she played mostly a supervisory role on screen, but Flavia had told him she quite liked being "in charge" of him even in front of an audience. Squirming and wiggling his body against hers, Kari puffed out his lower lip in front of his audience. "Nnnnnnot in front of my viewers!" He played at being coy, as if anything about his appearance and behavior thus far would have backed up the idea that he was innocent and sweet. Cute maybe, but he was far from a naive virgin at this point.

She reached down to pinch one of Kari's nipples, making him shudder and moan on camera. His boi-boobies were always so sensitive now. He squirmed as she laughed. "Don't worry, kitten. Mommy's just here to remind you how much everyone loves their artificial little girl. And to help you with the toys that need more than one person to play with." She continued pinching and rubbing at his left nipple, leaving him groaning and humping into his panties on camera, before pushing away. "I'll be here when you need me, cub. Go ahead and continue with your newest sex toy video-review." Turning to saunter off, the naked blue and white furred

feline-shaped sex toy took a seat on the couch nearby, off-camera but watching her charge with a pair of glinting purple eyes.

After a few deep, heavy breaths, Kari recovered. He'd nearly cum into his panties just from the teasing. He really had a hair trigger these days. "Right! I need to review today's artificial sex toy!" With a giggle, he put a paw to his lips, smirking. "And what better way to review sex toys than by testing them out on the air!" The enthusiasm that Kari had in his voice had been getting more sincere every day he'd been doing this. It had been Mommy Flavia's idea at first: because she kept buying him sex toys to play with, he should show them off to the world, and maybe make a bit of money as a fetish streamer. Kari vaguely remembered being embarrassed by the idea at first, but every day he did it he got such praise, both from Mommy and from his comments section, that it was hard to really find a reason to complain about it. That thought made him glance down towards the stream's comments. There was only one so far, which read as:

"Mmm... u look so yummi n dat skirt. Gon' give us a flash?"

Which made him feel his cock twitching in his soft, silky-smooth panties. He checked the username of the person that commented, then folded his paws against one side of his face. "Aww... Beeegblkdik, thank mew!" 'Mew' was also something new he was working into his dialogue. It felt, in a sense, like a bit of a stereotype. Big cats didn't meow, and he was supposed to be a lion. Sometimes it felt weird to look back at how much he'd changed since accepting Mommy into his life. But...

He reached down to cup his panties under a bright pink, short skirt with strawberries printed along the hemline. "I guess I really do look like a delicious little treat in my fruity berry skirt, don't I?" Turning to one side, he lifted his tail, which as a consequence of his outfit lifted his skirt as well, showing his viewers one side of his plump, ripe fuzzy ass. Kari was a slender little thing, but with a booty that was built as soft and round as a delicious summer peach. His panties were even apricot-colored, with a cute little pink heart over the center. Giving his butt a wiggle, he winked to the crowd. "Don't I look a bit like someone's sexy little sister?" The lion teased, feeling his cock growing tight in the front of his panties.

Reaching up and cupping his modest, apple-sized breasts, the transformed sex kitten giggled. Contact lenses he'd put in this morning made his blue eyes frosted pink, with little heart shaped irises. "So enough teasing for now... but before we begin, as a reminder if you live in the florida area, hit mew up! I'm always eager to share my bed with a big, strong male to spank my ass and make me his little princess." He purred at the thought. At first he'd fought the idea that he was gay. But then Mommy had taught him to love the cock, and the more males she invited over to play with her little kitten, the more Kari had found his mind changing. "I'm such a boy-crazy little slut, I need a big strong male or three to fuck me until I can't think straight." Kari said, feeling drool filling his muzzle. "But I'm letting my horniness get the better of me. I need to save that for the review!"

With a giggle, he leaned forwards towards the webcam to adjust it's focus. For a moment, all his viewers could see was his pretty red top, trimmed with white lace. "For today's product..."

Pulling back, Kari had now framed the entire living room into the range of the webcam. A number of inflatable toys such as blow-up beach balls and blow up inner tubes were strewn up along the floor. Laying on one side of the couch was an enormous inflatable feral lion, with a large plastic band wrapped around the waistline of it. "For today's toy, we're testing out the Real-Feel (™) Lordly Lion Dil-dick." Holding up a narrow cardboard box with a yellow pointed kitty prick displayed on it. "It's a bigger Artificial dick than I've ever taken before! I'm all aquiver with anticipation!" He swished his hips and minced a bit, walking over towards the big inflatable lion. "And what better way to test it than with a big squeaky stud riding my tushie?" He had started using cuter words since Mommy moved in with him, too. He'd stopped saying "ass" except when encouraged to, for one. He was her girly little kitten, and she'd been teaching him to act appropriately. Reaching down, he ran a paw along the puffy inflated body of a lion pooltoy easily twice his size.

He remembered once wishing he'd been big and strong and masculine.

But it seemed like such an odd desire now. Mommy had mounted him and bred him and taught him how good it felt to have a cock inside him. How good it felt to submit to an artificial woman, to an artificial cock, to an artificial life. Just the thought of a big strong man made him shudder and mewl now, his dick dribbling so easily. Mommy was the only woman he needed now... she made sure he had no shortage of horny, thirsty men to share his bed whenever she wanted to watch, or take a night out. Mommy Flavia took care of him in other ways too: Told him when it was time to work on his day job, when he got to play, when to exercise, what he got to eat for meals... she picked out his outfits and was teaching him to dress cute and how to tuck his teeny weenie properly. And right now, she was attaching the big fake dick onto his inflatable lion for him. Giving him a thumbs up, Flavia chuckled and let him continue to the crowd. "One of the best things about the Lordly Lion Dil-dick is that it comes with it's own reservoir artificial spoo."

Kari turned back towards the inflatable lion, lifting it up to show off the erect, bright red fake feline shaft. "It leaks the more pressure you put on it... so when you're riding really rough, you can- well, maybe it's best to show mew all!" He looked up at Mommy Flavia. "Mommy, can you pleeeeeeeeeease be a big fierce lion and breed me?" he folded his paws against his crotch, widening his eyes and swishing his hips. The pink-frosted pigtails she'd done his mane up into bounced as he pleaded with her.

Flavia reached a black fuzzy paw up to stroke her chin. "Well, I suppose since you asked so nicely..." She reached up to handholds on the inflatable toy, lifting the lion up. It's artificial dick wiggled and bounced in front of the camera. "Grrr... such a pretty little lion-boi! If you don't lift your tail for me I'm going to eat you up!" She gave a snarly, low growly voice as she wagged the inflatable lion, her voice lower and more masculine than Kari's even could go.

The feminized kittenboi squeaked and blushed. "O-oh no! I don't want to be eaten up..." He

turned his tail to the camera, tugging his panties down to reveal his shrunken four inches of sissy-stick. “P-please, mister lion... ravage my ass, but don’t eat me!” Kari play-begged, trying to resist a fit of the giggles from how silly Mommy was making him act right now. Not that he minded... crawling onto the couch, he lifted his tail up, pulling his skirts up once more. “M-mate me with your big strong manly seed...”

With a growl and a squeak from the sex toy, Flavia lowered the lion inflatable down, reaching a paw slick in her own artificial cock’s drooling lube over to get the Lordly Lion Dil-dick nice and slick. “Remember, for our watchers, before you play with your favorite kitten toys, you need to get them nice and lubed up.” The bright blue silicon sex-toy demonstrated, wiping her lube-slick paw on the inflatable lion’s new dildo appendage to get it nice and slick. With a squeeze, she made the toy leak a bit of its own artificial precum to mix with hers. “<Once the toy is nice and oily, you need to stretch your hole slowly with some nice, gentle teases.>”

Kari shuddered as he felt the cool, rubbery dick spreading his cheeks. He could feel the artificial cock spurting oily precum against his tailhole, the fluid soaking into the fur of his fuzzy cheeks. “N-nnnngh, it’s chilly, mommy! Not like a real man’s seed, but there’s something fun about that.” He shuddered and squealed as he felt Flavia push the toy’s tapered, pointed kitty prick through his sphincter, the tip stretching out his well-trained hole. “O-ooooh... bbbbbbbut sometimes that’s a good thing.” He huffed, feeling a spurt of toy precum pushing inside him. His ass was going to get so abused. As Flavia pushed the toy down harder, he heard it squeak. “A-artificial toys can go as f-faaaaahhhhhhhahhahahahaha-” He broke down giggling as he felt the cock pushing inside him. “Mooooommy! I’m tryin’ to tell my watchers stuff! Can you slow down?”

A fey smile on her lips, Flavia tucked her head behind the inflatable lion’s puffy mane. “Grrr! Little kitten-bimbo too talky! Better learn to speak while being humped by your master!” She said, in that deep gravelly voice that told Kari that his ‘big lion master’ wasn’t going to wait much longer. Flavia pushed it’s crotch against his body again, as he felt the pointed, spiny dildo pushing all the way inside him.

A wave of heat washed over him. Arching his back and yowling needily, he reached up to rub one of his tiny femme breasts. It was barely even a breast, but a bit bigger than a pectoral. “A-Aaaah,... an artificial toy can go as fast or slow as you wahahahaant...” He panted, humping his tiny dick into an inflatable circular cushion he’d put under him to keep from cumming all over the couch. It was more fun than just putting down a tarp. “A-and they can scratch your itch without needing to educate a real lover...” Huffing and puffing, he closed his eyes and bit his lip as Flavia pushed the inflatable lion back and forth inside him. Each thrust was accompanied by a loud squeak, as the plastic surface of the toy rubbed against his fur and her silicon paws. “T-they can be as rough or as gentle as you want.” he murmured out, before his words turned into a needy whimper. “A-and they’re always ready to play, even when there’s no one around.” He purred and squirmed, the squeaking lion toy pushing inside him hard and fast now at Mommy’s direction. Each time it did, it hammered his prostrate and drooled more artificial spoo into him. He could feel his bottom dribbling Lion Luvin(™) cum-substitute. He would smell like a bred lioness until his next shower.

Each hump and squeak made him squirm and squeal. Each thrust of the big inflatable toy brought him closer and closer. "O-oooooh gawwwwwd..." He felt his breath quicken, his pulse racing. On pure instinct he was grinding against his precum-slick inflatable cushion, feeling his tiny little cock sliding back and forth on its own slip-and-slide. "A-Artificial toys c-can push you to t-the brink..." he gasped, arching his back as he tossed his head up. He felt himself pumping his own tiny load into the pillow, dribbling all over it like syrup over a stack of pancakes, spilling down and probably soaking into the couch again. At the same time, he pushed his rump backwards onto the toy, hilding himself on the dildo that had gotten him off.

Falling forward, he flopped against the couch, sweaty and spent. "A-and that's my review!" he puffed and huffed, looking back up at Mommy Flavia, who grinned at him. "The Lordly Lions Dil-Dick gets five panty cumspots out of five... I love how deep and hard it got, and how it filled me up and made me a girly little squirming kitten!" He let a titter escape his lips as he reached up to take Mommy's paw when she offered it to him. "Everyone should have some sex toys in their homes!" Kari had been so thoroughly sissified, and somewhere along the way he'd learned to love it. He'd learned to love being a gay little femboi, learned to love swishing his hips and prancing about in front of males, and learned to love impaling himself on every dick he was offered.

These urges all felt so artificial. So unreal.

He wasn't stupid. He had started to realize that Mommy Flavia had been doing something to him a few weeks from her arrival. He barely remembered her breastfeeding sessions, or the cockfeeding sessions that had joined them, for one thing. He'd worked out that the more he suckled her juices the more girly he got. But somewhere along the way, he'd stopped caring. Mommy was in charge, and that turned him on more than trying and failing to be a masculine lion. He'd just needed to bend over and submit to the sex toy, to the Type-F who reshaped him into her own little sex toy. The urges he felt were artificial, things she'd programmed into him. He knew all of that.

But he didn't care. He loved how he felt now. Free of every worry save how to be the girliest little slutty kitten he could be for his mommy.

Gazing towards the camera, his Artificial heart-shaped pupils shimmering, he announced his truth to the viewers of his stream.

"An Artificial Life is wonderful!"

**The End**